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Northern Messenger

W Bronscombe 30 09

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'For a bit of Sunday reading commend me to the "Northern Messenger."—W. S. Jamieson, Dalton, Ont.

How to Meet an Infidel.

When Maud Ballington Booth was recently asked how she would deal with an infidel she replied:

'First, I would not argue with him. God is too infinite, too sacred, too real for me to condescend to argue about Him. I would show the seeker after light that he had been looking for stars in the mud instead of the heavens; diving down in the subterranean passages of earth, making mines to look for the dawning of the morning, instead of climbing the hills, from whence it could naturally first be seen.

'I should make it very clear that God could not be found through books, creeds, notions or theories; but that the soul must seek after him as a being and an influence that could be met and felt only by the earnest heart that goes straight to the root of the matter and appeals with earnest prayer to God himself. 'All the building of his own imagination, all the doubt and sin would have first to be cast down before any belief could avail him anything.'—'Ram's Horn.'

Feet Salvation.

'I remember at Stonehaven, when I was minister there,' says the Rev. Dr. John Robertson, of Glasgow, 'I was swimming out in the clean, cool bay, when the water suddenly got choppy, and my strength seemed to go from me.

'You that are swimmers know the sensation—exhausted, the waves flapping on your face in repeated blows, as if to stun you, and beat you back to the current that is ready to seize you. No one in sight, wearily on and on, and you know that you are making little or no progress, and the feet go deeper and deeper in the water.

'You cannot swim any longer. You have lost the power of propulsion and progression, and you are more inert, and merely paddling with your hands. I had almost given up, when suddenly there came to my feet a sensation of solidity amid the waves.

'What I felt as I stood there to recover breath! Rescued from death, how solid the rock felt!

'How I thanked God that rock had just been placed out in the bay for me, and that he had taken my sinking feet and placed them there.

'That is the nearest that I can give you to the sensation of the soul when Christ lays hold of you, saves you, and sets your feet on the Rock of Ages.'—The 'Religious Intelligencer.'

Things to Think Over.

(Adapted from 'The Evangel.')

The man who does the most is the man who thinks the most must be done.

It is a blessed thing to be able to trust God. But it is better still if God is able to trust us.

If it is right for a young man to 'Sow his wild oats,' it is just as right for a young woman to do the same.

A Sunday School teacher has got to walk a very straight line if he does not want the boys in his class to wobble.

It is impossible to 'Train up a child in the way it should go' unless you go that way yourself. It is not worth while to even try it.

It is well to remember, if we are Christians, that Jesus Christ is the nearest and dearest 'Blood relation' we have in the universe.

It is not altogether true that 'Environment makes the man.' On the other hand, man always makes the environment!

It is no sin to die, but it is a sin to live a day without repentance of sin and forgiveness. This sin is piled up pretty high on some people.

The danger about telling a 'Half truth' is that the other half is always a lie, and the two halves are usually about the same size and dangerously close together.

We hear a good deal about 'the Fatherhood of God,' but how about the Fatherhood of the devil? Has He no children? If not, he certainly has a large family of stepchildren.

Some men have a tremendous amount of faith in themselves who have no faith in God. Then again others have faith in God who seem to have not in themselves. The well rounded man has faith in God and in himself too.

Sunday Schools that feel their need of an uplift and desire to take higher ground and do better work, should remember that David aimed high when he threw the fatal stone at Goliath. Suppose he had aimed low, or not at all; in that case not all of the five stones in the little bag, had been enough to down him! Is not Sunday School work aimed at the giant sin? Then why not have a 'motto' and aim high? Only when we do our best can we leave God to do the rest.

Parable of the Lost Coin.

—From 'Our Lord's Parables,' Published by Raphael Tuck & Sons, London.

Sweep and sweep and sweep the floor;
Sweep the dust, pick up the pin:
Make it clean from fire to door,
Clean for father to come in.

Mother says that God goes sweeping—
Looking, sweeping with a broom—
All the time that we are sleeping,
For a shilling in a room.

Did He drop it out of glory,
Walking far above the birds?
Or did mother make the story
To set me thinking afterwards?

If I was the swept-for shilling,
I would hearken through the gloom,
Roll out fast and fall down willing,
Right before the sweeping broom.

—George Macdonald.

Religious News.

Following upon the heels of the American occupation of the Philippines the British and Foreign Bible Society sent its agent to Manila and established an agency there. In 1899 the American Bible Society established an agency also in Manila. Both these societies set about the arduous tasks of translation and publication of the scriptures in the various languages of the people. The multiplicity of tongues makes that a tremendous undertaking. In Japan a single translation ministers to practically the entire 50,000,000 people; in Manila there must be at least six translations to carry the message to the 7,000,000 Filipinos. The various missions have been overburdened with the urgent calls for evangelistic work and have left this important department, the translation and publication of the scriptures, to the proper agency, the Bible societies. On the other hand, this work could never have been accomplished had it not been for the support and assistance of the missionaries.

The people were clamoring for the Word so it was impossible to tarry till the whole Bible or even the New Testament could be all translated, but as soon as a satisfactory translation of a Gospel was made it was published in a little booklet by itself, then two or more Gospels together, and as soon as the New Testament was all completed it was then published entire. With the limited means at hand it has been impossible to keep pace with the demands for the books. The work has been pushed with all diligence, and the entire Bible has been published in Tagalog, the New Testament in Ilocano, Panayan, Visayan and is already completed and either in the hands of the printers or ready for the same in Pangasinan, Pampangan, and Cebuan Visayan. Portions have also been published in Ibanag, Bicol, and translation work is being pushed in the Old Testament with the expectation of soon having the Bible entire in at least the three greater dialects, Tagalog, Ilocano, and Visayan. It is the most prodigious initial undertaking in the missionary work in the Philippines.

Victorian Indian Orphan Society.

Since our last article in the 'Northern Messenger' (July 31st) we regret to say that the work of the Society has made slow progress, and had it not been for the valuable assistance of some of our most loyal members the work could not have been carried on.

It has proved impossible to fill, entirely, the position held by our late Secretary-Treasurer, Mrs. A. S. Crichton, who, up to the time of her death (June 9th), was so devoted to the work, but we trust that in the future our friends will render all possible assistance and thus encourage our new secretary-treasurer, Mrs. A. T. Taylor.

From the missionary in India we hear the good news that the girls in the Orphanage have made such great progress that it has been necessary to give them a more advanced teacher. They were preparing for the all-India Sunday School examination, which was to have been held July 11th, and the Council's examinations, which were to be held at the end of August.

Several of them had fever, but are all well now.

One more little orphan has been added to our family in India. Miss O'Hara found her when she was out driving. She is a very small child, and can tell little of her past, but seems to have perfect trust in the missionary.

We are glad to be able to report that the price of food in India is slightly lower, and the famine has not proved as severe as was at first feared.

We trust that we may hear from many of our friends during the next month, and that they will pray for the continued success of the work in this small part of the Master's vineyard.

Kindly address all communications to Mrs. A. T. Taylor, 205 Maryland St., Winnipeg.

Work in Labrador.

LITTLE WAIFS OF THE COAST.

SS. 'Strathcona,' at Sea.
July, 1908.

Dear Mr. Editor,—Year after year it has been our habit to make ourselves responsible for derelict infants, whom illness or accident leave unprovided for along this coast; and five gathered by the doctor at Battle Harbor last winter (left destitute by the cruel hands of poverty and tuberculosis) were annexed this voyage. One poor little one is so crippled that she will be hard to dispose of. The good care bestowed on them for several months by the doctor's wife in her own home had made the others look jolly and fat. On leaving for the season, a gentleman asked us this year to supply him with a healthy baby to bring up as his own. Indeed, I have had 'begging letters,' as if one went about with a baby concealed about one's person, and as if it were as easy to post a baby that 'must be healthy and an orphan and not be old enough to know its parents,' as to send a picture postcard.

Among yesterday's patients, as we lay off a small harbor, came an elderly woman, worn to skin and bone, in the sorriest of mean clothing, carrying a tiny baby with all the signs of rickets. She spoke with a strong Devonshire accent. 'Tis an orphan, zur,' she said. 'Twas my daughter's. She be dead of consumption; and my man, he be dead, too.' Where is the father? 'He be gone vishing to the southward since May, zur.' Are there any more children? 'Two, zur.' What food have you for them? 'Only vlour, zur.' No butter or sugar? 'Bless ye, no zur; not since Christmas.' Has he not written to you? 'Not a word, zur.' Having carefully overhauled the baby, and thinking of my rich childless friend to the south, I thought if I could nurse it back to the standard of sound health he required, the child would have a chance in life that some of my previous protegees are now profiting by. One, a fine young woman just graduating at an American college, we are expecting back to work with us as a colleague. 'You had better give me the baby, and let me write to the father. It will probably die here.' 'He won't part with un,' she replied. When did he leave? 'T' fust of May, zur.' And he hasn't sent any food or money since? 'Not so much as zup, zur.' Well, it seems to me that he has had to leave it, and shortly it will leave him, anyhow. 'It ben't no gud,' zur, he said I weren't to part with un,' and the poor trouble-worn old body got up as if to depart, closely hugging the baby.

I have quoted this case at length because it illustrates a point on which we sorely need legislation. There are others besides this man, who, from a false interpretation of what love means, or even from at times worse motives, 'would rather see' 'em dead, then anyone should have 'em.' Whereas, in reality they had far better die young, than live to suffer the evils involved by chronic starvation in youth. Sacred as are the ties of families, and strong the claims to possession of a child's body and soul that parentage gives, that there should be no power to step in and save a helpless and doomed child like this seems to call for common sense to supercede sentimentality. Fats and phosphates were badly needed, and these we were able to supply. Fortunately the clergyman of this one hundred and twenty miles section of coast was on board with me at the time, and we were able to hand over to him the help we were willing to give, unless the father accepted the sending away of the babe. It is not possible to help everyone wisely on their own terms. We had fortunately some infants' foods in a box sent us a short time previously; but fats we had scarcely enough for the ship's use; so we had to draw on the fat pork barrel. Unluckily, a very large 'cut,' falling on the cuddy of the boat was elastic enough to rebound over the side and sink, before it could be harpooned with a boat hook. It lay twinkling on the bottom in about ten fathoms of water, a tiny white speck. The boy who had come off for the supplies at once dropped his grapnel near the fugitive morsel, and when we steamed out of sight was still vigorously jigging for it with his cod jigger.

The furthest west our little steamer goes is to Meccatina, half way between Belle Isle and Anticosti. Here our Canadian Hospital is now in full swing. We can only reach it twice a year, and then we generally, as now, hand them over a cargo of supplies and patients that have accumulated on the passage. The fishing here is extraordinarily good this year, and the place is blessed with unlimited trout fishing, and good salmon and lobsters, besides, with endless sea birds. Before leaving, we tried sea-trout fishing with flies, in the salt water at the mouth of the Wetagamu River, and had the satisfaction of catching large ones as fast as we could land them through the breakers. The fish ran about five pounds apiece, and fought excellently. Had not time been valuable, we should have stayed to load our boat. Meanwhile, some of my crew were out lobster fishing, and a huge reservoir of them greeted our return, for our cook had purchased forty fine specimens for ninety cents, besides the men's catch. It surprises our visitors to see the little value put on these locally. Indeed, it is told of Admiral M. W. Kennedy that when first on this coast, he gave his orderly a sovereign to go and buy lobsters with, he was greeted with, 'Lobsters alongside, sir,' and was surprised to find he was the owner of a boatload. The boot, however, is on the other leg sometimes. Last week the clergyman of this southerr district, an old Cambridge graduate, and, what is most important, an excellent gardener, sent us aboard, as a most unusual luxury, a magnificent dish of radishes. My Newfoundland cook served them for dinner, remarking: 'They be terrible hard to boil, sir. I have had them on from breakfast right up to dinner.' In spite of our determination not to be robbed of the only radishes of the year, our courage failed us after the first sample.

There is smoke on the horizon, Mr. Editor. It must be the mail boat; so I must bring to a close this letter.

WILFRED GRENFELL.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

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LESSON,—SUNDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1908.

David Brings the Ark to Jerusalem.

II. Sam. vi., 1-12. Memory verse, 12. Read II. Sam. iv.; Chronicles xiii., xv., xvi.

Golden Text.

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving and into his courts with praise. Psa. c., 4.

Home Readings.

Monday, September 28.—II. Sam. vi., 1-23.
Tuesday, September 29.—I. Chr. xiii., 1-14.
Wednesday, September 30.—I. Chr. xiv., 1-17.
Thursday, October 1.—I. Chr. xv., 1-3, 11-16, 25-29.
Friday, October 2.—I. Chr. xvi., 1-22.
Saturday, October 3.—I. Chr. xvi., 23-43.
Sunday, October 4.—Ps. cxxxii., 1-18.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

The title of our lesson speaks about David bringing the ark to Jerusalem—who knows what the ark was that is here spoken of? You all know about Noah's ark and the animals that went into it, but this is not a great ship like that was. Who can tell me what this ark was like, what it was meant for, who made it, what was in it, and where it had been all this time? (Ex. xxxvii., 1-9 will supply the teacher with a fair description of the ark.) It was made, then, in the time of Moses and came up with the Israelites into Canaan. For hundreds of years it had been in the tent, or tabernacle, at Shiloh until it was taken, during a battle, by the Philistines. For seven months, when Samuel was quite a young man, it remained in the land of the Philistines, but at last they sent it back and it had remained since then, until our lesson story of to-day, for about seventy years at Kirjath-Jearim, or Baalah, as our lesson calls this town (Josh. xv., 9), one of the border towns of Judah. The ark, you know, was the centre of the Hebrew religion, so this long neglect showed how little the Israelites had cared for God all this time, or they never could have left the ark so long for just one man and his family to look after. David, however, was now king of Israel, and had conquered his enemies on all sides; and among those enemies the very Philistines who had once taken God's ark. David's country was now at peace and he thought this would be a good chance to give God's ark its right place, to bring it to his capital, Jerusalem. So he gathered together a great many men from all over the land, soldiers, princes, priests, and all sorts of great people, and one day they had one of the biggest, happiest, noisiest processions that there ever had been, when David led the way to bring the ark to Jerusalem. Have you ever followed a procession and listened to the band? I hardly need ask you that, for surely you must have all done that at some time. They didn't have musical instruments such as we have (verses 5, 15), but ones that made a good deal more noise; cymbals, two sorts of metal plates or shallow bowls that were clanged together; long silver trumpets, not made like our trumpets are at all; cornets, again nothing like our cornets, but just separate pieces of metal that were made to strike and jangle together; other instruments too, but all making a happy joyous noise and the people singing and shouting for happiness. Would you like to have been there?

FOR THE SENIORS.

'More haste less speed' is an old saying, and David, who had learnt caution at an early age, was here caught up by impulse that carried a serious retribution with it. 'Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall' is good advice, and this is only one of the many instances where Bible characters have failed in their strong points. David thought the time had come when the ark should be given a suitable place, and stirred by his enthusiasm he did not stop to find out that God had given explicit directions as to how the ark should be carried (Num. i., 50, 51; iii., 30, 31; iv., 5, 6, 15, and many other places). He took, instead of God's directions, a page out of the book of heathen example (compare verses 3, 5 with I. Sam. vi., 7). Instead of the security on uneven roads that human bearers would have given the ark, the jolting of the cart occasioned the sad incident that clouded the joyous day and turned it into a day of mourning and fear. God had cared for his ark when there was no human being nearby even to guide the kine that drew it (I. Sam. vi., 12), and he doubtless would have done so again. The action of Uzzah may seen at a glance a slight offense, yet it was expressive of that lack of reverance and faith which, if suffered, would destroy the whole life of the new movement instituted by David's zeal. Better a time to pause and think what kind of service this God required and what was the nature of Jehovah, than a careless enthusiasm engendered by the king's and likely to flicker out as quickly as it rose if founded on nothing more sure. If God thinks it worth while to give directions concerning anything, he certainly thinks them necessary to be obeyed. There are several instances in the Bible where in the early stages of a new movement towards his worship God has taken the occasion to impress by some such example the fact that reverence and obedience are emphatic prerequisites of all true worship. The mistaken belief that the ark was a thing to be feared, he took care to remove very shortly (verse 11). God's presence is gracious and merciful to everything but sin, and that physician is never harsh who cauterizes a wound to prevent the poison spreading through the whole body.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

14. David danced before Jehovah. Dancing was performed at first on sacred occasions only. It was a part of the religious ceremonies of the Egyptians as well as of the Hebrews. Among the Hebrews it was joined with sacred song, and was usually participated in by the women only. When the men danced it was in company separate from the women, promiscuous dancing not being practised. Dancing was an outward expression of tumultuous joy.—Freeman.

The man who stands straightest in the presence of sin bows lowest in the presence of God.—F. B. Meyer.

'There is little hope for an irreverent fellow. It is hard to get hold of him. There is so little in him to get hold of,' wisely remarks Bishop Vincent. Am I guilty of irreverance in any way, of treating holy things as if common, of profaning the Sabbath, of speaking jestingly of the Bible, of taking God's name in vain?

Praise and thanksgiving lift the soul upward.—David Swing.

The Christian life that is joyless is a discredit to God and a disgrace to itself.—M. D. Babcock.

(FROM PELOUBET'S 'NOTES.')

For seventy years the ark as the centre of religious worship had lain in partial neglect. Soon after the settlement of the Israelites in Palestine Joshua deposited the ark at Shiloh, twenty miles north of Jerusalem, and ten miles north of Bethel (Josh. xviii., 1). It was still there at the close of the period of the Judges (I. Sam. i., 3); and Samuel lived at Shiloh with Eli. The sons of Eli had carried the ark from Shiloh into a battle against the Philistines, hoping that God would give them the victory for the sake of this symbol of his worship. But God did not reward wickedness in that way. The Israelites were defeated, and the Philistines captured the ark. But the Lord would not permit them to retain it. Their idol Dagon fell before it. The people were smitten with severe sickness wherever the ark was sent. Finally it was restored to Israel, and sent up the Sorek valley as far as Kirjath-jearim, eleven miles southwest of Jerusalem, in the house of Abinadab on the hill (I. Sam. vii., 1. In verse 3 of to-day's lesson the name 'Gibeah' simply means 'the hill), who put it under the charge of one of his sons.

The neglect of the ark and its separation from its place in the tabernacle at Shiloh, with one high priest following Saul and another David, shows to what a low and divided state religion had fallen in Israel under Saul. The neglect of the means of religion, of places of worship, and set times for devotion is generally accompanied by a decline in the spirit of religion. It is both a sign of the decline and a means toward it.

The place of music—'Christianity's triumph is strikingly illustrated by an incident in the work of missionaries in the Philippines. One of the conditions with which they have to contend, as Jesus did in his day, is leprosy. . . . And now a physician in a leper hospital has solicited musical instruments from friends and has organized a leper-orchestra—the San Lazaro Hospital Orchestra. A photograph shows a bright-faced group with mandolins, guitars, violins, flute, and fife. Isn't that an advance for the kingdom over the early days of the church? It is a greater triumph for Christ that men while still lepers can make music in their rejoicing, than that they should merely be freed on earth from bodily disease.'—'Sunday School Times.'

Verse 15. 'It was the greatest day of David's life. Its significance in his career is marked by his own pre-eminent position—conqueror, poet, musician, priest, in one. . . It was felt to be a turning-point in the history of the nation. David was on that day the founder, not of freedom only, but of an empire; not of religion only, but of a church and commonwealth.'—Stanley. The ark was born on the shoulders of the Levites (I. Chron. xv., 15), amid the greatest enthusiasm.

'Every care was now taken to carry out to the letter all that had been ordered with regard to the removal of the ark. It was done in a splendid manner, and with stately music, and with the proper ordering of the priests and the Levites. The king himself was dressed in a linen ephod, and with a harp in his hands, and with singing and with sacred dancing he led the procession. As they drew near Mount Zion the women of the city came out to welcome them. Trumpets pealed, there were shouts as of a victorious army, and now all felt that the wanderings of the ark had ended even as the wanderings of the king had on this day of triumph.'—W. F. Knox Little in 'Temple Series of Bible Characters.'—'David.'

Bible References.

I. Sam. ii., 30; Ezek. xxii., 26; Heb. ii., 28, 29; Psa. xxvi., 8; Deut. xii., 10-12; Psa. xxiv. is believed to have been sung as the ark was carried into Jerusalem.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, October 4.—Topic—Songs of the Heart. X. Our vows and their fulfillment. Ps. cxvi. (Consecration meeting.)

C. E. Topic.

Monday, September 28.—Going astray. Luke xv., 11-16.
Tuesday, September 29.—Coming to himself. Luke xv., 17-19.
Wednesday, September 30.—His father's welcome. Luke xv., 20.
Thursday, October 1.—Saying, 'I am sorry.' Luke xv., 21.
Friday, October 2.—His father's forgiveness. Luke xv., 22-24.
Saturday, October 3.—His elder brother. Luke xv., 25-32.
Sunday, October 4.—Topic—The story of a boy who was sorry. Luke xv., 11-19. (Consecration meeting.)

Sunday School Offer.

Any school in Canada that does not take the 'Messenger' may have it supplied free on trial for three weeks on request of Superintendent, Secretary or Pastor, stating the number of copies required.

N.B.—Ask For Our Special Year End Offer.

Correspondence

ROYAL LEAGUE OF KINDNESS.

I pledge myself
To speak kindly to others,
To speak kindly of others,
To think kind thoughts,
To do kind deeds.

Three new members this week:—Cora Silver, D., Ont.; Roy L. Kennedy, P., Ont., and Beatrice A. Paynter, C., P.E.I. Our pledge means a lot if we honestly try to keep it. It can store up for us in the hearts of others a wealth of friendship, trust, and love. It can make our faces a pleasure to look at. It can throw a soft veil over the ugly places and things in life and make the beautiful old world seem as beautiful a place as we really ought to think it. It is like a regular fairy's wand to touch scowls and angry words and melt them all away; but it means really hard work to keep it active and unbroken, for thoughts, words, and actions must all be under its control. The new members have a hearty welcome.

W., Man.

Dear Editor,—I am eleven years old and I passed into grade six at school. We came from England three years ago. I have one sister, Winnie, who is in grade three. She is nine years old. My father keeps a hardware store. I like Canada very much, and father says we ought to have come out before. The drawings are very good; so are the letters. We take the 'Messenger' at our Sunday School. The children like it very much.

CHARLEY SMALLBONE.

P., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I go to school and passed the entrance last June. I have read about 42 books, and my favorite is 'The Days of Bruce.' We have a library in our church, and it is open every Wednesday night. We have good fun around here in the winter sliding down hill. I have a dog and he will draw me in the sleigh.

ROY L. KENNEDY.

D., Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is the second time I have written to the 'Messenger.' I have taken it about two years, and like it very much, especially the Correspondence page. I am glad you have put in the Royal League of Kindness, and hope to see a good club before long. I am sending in my pledge with this letter. Our school has not started yet. I am in the 4th grade.

CORA SILVER.

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We live about four miles from the village of B., but our nearest town is Cobourg, which is situated on Lake Ontario and it is a very pretty place, especially in the summer, and a favorite resort for Americans. We have about a quarter of a mile to go to school, and the Sunday School is held in the schoolhouse. It is always pretty well attended. My aunt Annie teaches the Bible class, and we also have three smaller classes. The Methodist minister of C. has preached in our schoolhouse every week for two months, and we appreciate his kindness very much, as it is a long distance from here to any church.

GLADYS GILLILAND.

Stewiacke Cross Roads, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have only two pets, a black dog and a white cat. I go to school and am in the fifth grade. I like to read the letters from the girls and boys in the correspondence. I am eleven years old. I live on a hill beside the Stewiacke River, and have a lovely view of the valley. It is very pretty in summer time. I think this is a long letter for the first time, so will close with the answer to Clinton R. McArthur's riddle (September 4)—'A book.'

'ROSEBUD.'

E., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm. My father is dead. He was killed in the woods by a limb of a tree. I am in the fourth grade at school, but it is vacation now and I am having great fun. We have taken the 'Messenger' for seven years, and I like to read the letters from other boys and girls very much.

EMMA GRANT (age 10).

E., N.S.

Dear Editor,—As I have only seen one letter from this place, I thought I would write one too. I have four sisters and five brothers. I have a pet cat named Rabbit. My father and one brother are both dead. We have a farm and two cows and a large flock of hens. I will close with a riddle: What goes to the stove and never burns, and goes in the pantry and never eats, and goes to bed and never sleeps?

CLIFFORD GRANT (age 8).

A., B.C.

Dear Editor,—I have been a subscriber to the 'Messenger' for two years. I would not be without it. I like reading the letters very much. I used to live on a large farm in the East, but now I live in a little town in the West. I have one little sister seven years old and a little brothers four years old. We go to day school and Sunday School. I have had a pleasant vacation. We camped out over two weeks in the mountains. I will tell you about it the next time I write.

ETHEL M. BOYER (age 9).

[We will be very pleased to hear about your camp in the mountains, Ethel.—Ed.]

T., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Northern Messenger' at Sunday School. I go to school and am in the third class. I have three brothers and two sisters. We live at the brickyard. I had a good time in the holidays.

EMMIE SHARPE (age 10).

L. R., P.Q.

Dear Editor,—This is the third time I have ever written a letter to your nice little paper. I saw my piece which I sent come out in the paper several weeks ago, and think it very kind of you to print such little stories as mine in your paper. I have had a birthday since I wrote last time, and am now fourteen instead of thirteen. I received quite a lot of presents. This letter will be getting too long unless I finish it, so I will close it.

MARY WILLARD.

[Your riddle has been asked before, Mary.—Ed.]

A., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am nine years old. I am in the second reader, and will soon be in the third reader. I am going to school every day and milk three cows. I have three little brothers.

RHODA VICTORIA McLENNAN.

Two of Rhoda's little brothers wrote also, very short little letters, in fact, Kenneth, five years old, just says 'This is the first time that I wrote for the 'Messenger,' and I guess I have no more to tell.' Perhaps you will find more next time, Kenneth. Norman Fraser McLennan, one year older than Kenneth, has even less to say, but we are glad to here from them both.—Ed.

M., Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my second letter to the 'Messenger.' School has started now. I was away at my cousin's home and spent three weeks. I had a lovely time. My birthday is near the end of September, and then I will be eleven years old. I will close wishing you much success.

ESTELLA M. UTMAN.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'The Flag We Love.' Katie E. MacLeod, P. M., C.B.

2. 'Teddy Bear.' A Lover of the 'Messenger,' Waltham, P. Que.

3. 'My Lady Beautiful.' Gwendolyn D. Mews (age 15), S. J., Nfld.

4. 'A Scene.' Emmie Sharpe (age 10), T., Ont.

5. 'A House.' William Wilson (age 14), Toronto.

6. 'A House I once lived in.' Robbie Eisner (age 9), B., N.S.

7. 'Old Faithful Chester.' Bertha W. Snider (age 15), V., Ont.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

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P. S.—We have also place for boys to sell the 'Pictorial' in their own neighborhoods on a cash commission or premium basis, and would be glad to have the attention of bright young people drawn to this notice. Their applications will have prompt replies.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Make This a Day.

(W. D. N., in Chicago 'Tribune.')

Make this a day. There is no gain
  In brooding over days to come:
The message of to-day is plain,
  The future's lips are ever dumb.
The work of yesterday is gone,
  For good or ill, let come what may;
But now we face another dawn,
    Make this a day.

Though yesterday we failed to see
  The urging hand and earnest face,
That men call opportunity,
  We failed to know the time or place
For some great deed, what need to fret?
  The dawn comes up a silver gray,
And golden moments must be met,
    Make this a day.

This day is yours; your work is yours;
  The odds are not who pays your hire,
The thing accomplished—that endures,
  If it be what the days require.
He who takes up his daily round,
  As one now armored for the fray,
To-morrow steps on solid ground,
    Make this a day.

The day is this; the time is now;
  No better hour was ever here,
Who waits upon the when and how
  Remains forever in the rear.
Though yesterday were wasted stuff,
  Your feet may yet seek out the way,
To-morrow is not soon enough,
    Make this a day.

Good Manners at Home.

The presence of good manners is nowhere more needed or more effective than in the household, and perhaps nowhere more rare. Whenever familiarity exists there is a tendency to loosen the check upon selfish conduct which the presence of strangers involuntarily produces. Many persons who are kind and courteous in company, are rude and careless with those whom they love best. Emerson says, 'Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices,' and certainly nothing can more thoroughly secure the harmony and peace of the family circle than the habit of making small sacrifices one for another. Courtesy and kindliness will never lose their power or their charm, while all spurious imitations of them are to be despised.—The 'Friend.'

By Inheritance.

(By Sally Campbell, in 'Forward.')

A group of freshmen sat together on the steps of one of the dormitories in the sunshine. Out-of-doors sunshine in May is a luxury.

'Like spring lamb,' said Fred Bonsall.

'What's that?' asked Tom Hoskins. 'You prepped with me four years before now. You ought to draw your comparisons from real life and not from what you have read about in books.'

'Real spring lamb would be wasted on you, Tom,' said Jack Stone, 'you can make such good use of boarding-house muttton.'

Big, healthy Tom grinned.

'I can generally manage to eat what's set before me. While we are on the subject, I should like to know what is the matter with Albert Kent. If he goes on as he has been doing lately he'll starve.'

'Albert looks bad,' agreed Fred, with a frown of concern. 'He is an awfully nice chap; I hate to see it. He has been working too hard all the year.'

'Has to, I suppose,' said Tom. 'I understand that his father takes charge of a dozen churches or so, and itinerates. There isn't much extra money in that sort of business.'

'Leave out the "extra" and you'll be nearer the truth,' said Fred. 'Here comes Albert.'

Albert Kent advanced upon the group with a lagging step. When they hailed him and invited him to sit down he shook his head.

'Have to go in to the infirmary. I'm beat.'

'He looks it' said Jack,' when Albert had moved on with Tom strolling beside him.

'Have you heard from Albert?' Fred asked Tom on the campus the next day.

'Yes. His nerves have gone to pieces and he has malaria and a few more things thrown in. Everything is wrong; he has overworked himself shockingly.'

'Isn't it queer?' mused Fred. 'Albert is worth a pack of freshmen like me.'

'And me,' said Tom.

'Like us,' said Fred. 'Yet he is so placed that, in order to get an education, he had, perhaps, literally to work himself to death, while we could loaf.'

But Albert was not to die. After slow weeks of uncertainty he began to mend, and a day came at last when his brother took him off with him to an Alberta ranch to rough it through the long vacation.

'I expect to see you back in the fall,' the doctor said when he shook hands with him at the end, 'as fit as ever you were. But, remember, there is to be no sweating labor next year. You are to take life more sensibly.'

At the ranch Albert kept in the open air, slept much, and grew well apace.

'There is only one other tenderfoot,' he wrote home, 'within a radius of many miles. He is a grumpy chap by the name of Van Doren—says that he was in father's class at college. It is hard to believe it. He is an old man, and father, we all know, isn't. Father never will be. as old as Mr. Van Doren, no matter how long he lives.'

'I remember Van Doren very well,' Mr. Kent wrote back. 'We had some good times together. Since then he has met with trouble enough, I understand. Give him greetings from me and be patient with him.'

When Albert spoke of this letter to Mr. Van Doren, that gentleman looked him over with a pair of narrow, twinkling eyes, and said gruffly:—

'You don't in the least resemble your father. I would never take you for his son.'

'No. I look like my mother,' said Albert. 'We all expected Kent to make a stir in the world. He had the brains for it, and the general build. But he went out west and lost himself. Occasionally I have heard of him as lavishing his powers on trying to patch and cobble battered sinners into decency—to resoul them.' Mr. Van Doren broke off with a dry, cackling laugh at his own humor. 'It must be weary work,' he said.

'It is good work,' returned Albert briefly.

A few mornings afterwards Mr. Van Doren, lying on a wooden bench along the wall of the ranchmen's living room, began to complain querulously.

'I came to this dead-and-alive place for my health. Much good it is doing! I might as well run down comfortably within the limits of civilization. You,' he said to Albert, 'are getting on famously. You are young. You have the spirit of it.'

'What does he expect,' thought Albert, 'when he stops in the house all day long and steeps his mind in vinegar?'

Albert was on his way to hitch up for an eight-mile drive to the post-office and cross roads store. While he went whistling about his task a suggestion came to him. He laughed out loud at it. Then his face grew grave.

'Poor old man! There is pathos in him as well as bad temper. It must be melancholy to be alive and not to have the spirit of it. Think of father!'

He went on working and whistling in a more subdued key.

'Think of father and him having good times together once! For the sake of that I will ask him and run the risk of being blown to atoms.'

'Mr. Van Doren,' said Albert, boldly appearing beside the wooden bench, 'it is glorious weather. I am going to the store for supplies. Wouldn't it do you good to be out in the air more? Won't you come with me?'

Mr. Van Doren laid down the newspaper that had been damp from the press a month before and stared at Albert uncertainly for a minute. Then he began to disentangle himself from the plaid shawl spread over his long, lean legs.

'I'll go,' he said. 'I am obliged to you.'

Mr. Van Doren sat on the back seat of the rig beside the mail bag. Albert introduced a number of subjects of conversation, all of which went languishingly.

'Why did I undertake him?' he asked himself. 'There are eight miles of this to cover, there and back. I never can keep him in talk all the way.'

An interruption occurred. It was at a solitary roadside shack, in front of which a stout, anxious woman, red-faced and short of breath, was making—with an aid in the person of a small, agile boy—prodigious efforts to recapture an escaped hen. The hen, demand for her rights and an enlarged sphere plain on every feather of her, clucked hither and thither with bewildering swiftness and resource.

Albert stopped the horses and jumped down to lend assistance. But even so the difficulties of 'heading her off' grew apace.

'Look here,' panted the woman, as she made short rushes with outspread skirts in many directions, 'who's that on your back seat? He ain't paralyzed, is he? Couldn't he help.'

Albert cast a startled glance over his shoulder.

'Can you?' was all that he could think of saying.

Mr. Van Doren hesitated and was lost. He descended stiffly to the field of battle, but, once there, the excitement of the struggle held him in its grip until the last fluttering, cackling scrimmage and victory.

When the horses had started on their way again Mr. Van Doren remarked: 'Such experiences are calculated to limber a man. They are a distinct advance on massage.'

Albert was convinced that he heard him laugh, but he did not like to turn his head to see.

Then Albert made a resolve.

'I will forget who he is. Since I am not obliged to see him, I will mix him up with somebody else and I will enjoy myself.'

So he talked to Mr. Van Doren of all that was in his heart. He told him many things about his year at college.

'He stood that without barking or biting,' Albert reflected complacently. 'Now I am going to tell him about the family. Maybe he is asleep and it won't disturb him.'

But after they had stopped at the store and got the mail and the supplies and were turned toward the ranch again, Mr. Van Doren asserted himself. He broke in on Albert and silenced him, taking the word out of his mouth to relate certain of those good times that 'Kent' and he had passed in the old days.

'I did forget who he is,' Albert chuckled to the team as he unhitched them at the barn. 'I shouldn't wonder at all if he forgot it himself. I begin to think that his acquaintance is worth cultivating.'

This was the first of many drives that Mr. Van Doren took with Albert. They did him good, as Albert had prophesied.

'The old gentleman,' said Jones, the biggest ranchman, 'is looking up. He's considerable less like a lemon than he was.'

'Which side of him is?' inquired Sam Kelly. 'In or out?'

'Both. He don't make you feel so sure that you've got the jaundice when you see his color, and he don't plucker your mouth so often a-listening to his pleasant speeches. He's changed.'

'He says,' reported Sam, 'that what's the matter with him is the dyspepsia. It was getting chronic and the doctors sent him out here.'

'Dyspepsia!' scoffed big Jones. 'It ain't only the dyspepsia that's the matter; it's him! I guess that comes pretty near being chronic, too. Maybe the boy has took it in time to choke it off some.'

'That's a great boy!' laughed Sam Kelly indulgently. 'He's something new around here.'

Jones nodded. 'It's almost a pity that he wouldn't stay new. He's got a whole lot of nice, snow-white ideas in his head, and, because they haven't ever had a chance to be fly-specked or dusty, he thinks he is going to keep them clean forever and ever. It's a pity he couldn't.'

Sam Kelly considered. He cleared his throat and turned in his seat.

'Maybe,' he said, 'we don't either one of us

know all there is to know about ideas. Maybe there's more white ones that have lived to get old than we've got sense enough to think there is.'

Sam spoke a little defiantly as we sometimes do speak when we feel ourselves opposed to public opinion and expect a counter-blast.

'Maybe,' said big Jones.

One Sunday afternoon, early in the summer, when it rained in torrents, the living room had been full of ranchmen, loafing and joking and grumbling. Albert read a book by the window.

'Hello, boy!' shouted one of the men to him across the babel of voices. 'We are bored. Preach to us. You were brought up with a sky pilot. You ought to know some of the trade.'

Before the end of this speech the other voices had stopped. There was a burst of applause.

'That's right!' cried Jones, slapping mightily on the table, 'give us a sermon! Its variety that we want.'

'Give us a good one!'

'Spice it up!'

'Don't put off any worthless life-preservers on us; our account is pretty heavy.

'Yes,' concluded Jones, 'we need the real thing. Let us have the best.'

'I'm willing,' said Albert. 'I have a fine sermon right here.'

He turned back in his book and began to read.

It was the Life of John Paton.

For half an hour or so, while some of the men slept and more of them listened, Albert continued to read. Then he shut the book.

'That's real, isn't it?' he asked.

'That fellow,' said Jones, 'would have made a good cowboy.'

'A number of cowboys,' growled Mr. Van Doren from his corner, 'would make good Patons, if they gave themselves the chance.'

A pause followed this unexpected speech. It was broken by one of the men who had awakened from his nap and called out with a yawn:—

'Say, boy, we ought to have some praying. That's the most fashionable thing of all in meetings.'

'So we ought,' agreed Albert again. 'We'll pray.'

And he started to sing,

'Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.'

At the second line Sam Kelly struck in, and soon the good old hymn shook the walls of the room and carried the thoughts of the men only God knew whither.

It came to be the custom to read and sing on Sunday afternoons; by and by what Jones called a 'regular prayer' was added. The congregation varied widely with the weather, but it never, on the brightest days, dropped away entirely. As Albert's last Sunday drew near he said one afternoon, 'Who is going to be reader when I go?'

The men laughed.

'That's so,' said one of them. 'We've got the habit of going to church now. It won't seem natural to turn clear heathen again.'

'You musn't turn. Sam Kelly,' said Albert, making a bold stroke, 'can lead the singing. Who will read?'

The men still laughed. But sudden solemnity seized them when big Jones answered with some shamefacedness, 'I will.'

'But,' Jones went on, 'the book will soon be read up and I'll be out of my job.

'By no means,' said Mr. Van Doren. 'There is other good reading. I will have a boxful shipped out here. I will take advice on it,' he added grimly, his twinkling eyes roving from one bronzed face to another. 'Somebody shall choose that has religion enough and hasn't dyspepsia.'

The sneaking smile that was beginning on the faces died out sheepishly.

'The fact is,' Mr. Van Doren said later to Albert, 'I know of another class mate like your father who has gone all to pieces under the strain. When I first heard of him I said, 'What a fool!' But I presume that I may alter my opinion if I see fit.'

'Yes, sir,' said Albert.

'His name is Harding,' continued Mr. Van Doren. 'You father would know him I dare say. A winter in this climate would set Harding up. He might start in about Christmas time. It is my belief that then the men would keep Christmas not altogether on whiskey and poker. I must see about that.'

Albert stared.

'You don't mean he hinted wonderingly.

'Never mind what I mean, snapped Mr. Van Doren, turning his back on him.

But Albert did mind. He reflected on the subject.

'There is no reason,' he decided, 'why he should be poor. I merely have assumed that he was. To be sure, his coats are shiny and his hats are not. But Mr. Van Doren is a man who would wear shiny coats and unshiny hats as a matter of—well, of disposition.'

'I don't see,' Albert reasoned further, 'how what he said could make any other sense than that he is going to send a man like father out here to spend the winter, beginning with Christmas. If father only had a chance at big Jones and Sam Kelly and the rest! And Mr. Harding is like father.'

When Albert, well and strong, started east again, his skies were very bright.

'Things are turning out splendidly for me,' he told Mr. Van Doren. 'This session I need do nothing outside my college work but tutor Dr. Thatcher's two boys. I shall be almost a gentleman of leisure.'

'Come to see me,' Mr. Van Doren said to him on his last night at the ranch.

'To see you?' repeated Albert vaguely.

'Yes. I live two squares from the university.'

Albert promised, discreetly omitting to question why his invitation came so late.

When, in September, he went to see Mr. Van Doren, all Albert's light-heartedness was gone.

'What's wrong?' demanded Mr. Van Doren.

'Dr. Thatcher doesn't want me. He has engaged a governess for the boys. He knew how I overdid things last year and the boys will need more lessons than before; so he gave up thinking of me.'

Albert looked down at his soft felt hat which he was parting into folds with hands that shook.

'I can't try to go through college,' he said. 'I will look for work.'

'No, you will not!' said Mr. Van Doren. 'Let me tell you what you will do. You will come here and live with me and go to college from my house.'

Not one word did Albert say, but he shot an uneasy glance at the door.

'Look at the place!' said Mr. Van Doren, with a wave of his hand about him. 'It is too big for one man to live in, and too lonely. There are ghosts in it. It is they that are making me an old man. They dog me. Flesh and blood is healthier. I see it all now. If I could have a live boy to talk across the table to me, to come in at my door and live in my rooms, I verily believe that I could get my health again.

Indeed, at that moment, he looked as though he might be telling the truth. Albert had never seen him so vigorous.

'Oh, no! Oh, no!' murmured Albert, backing away.

Mr. Van Doren pushed him into a seat.

'Your father and I,' he said, 'began life together. I have made a mess of mine; you know what he has done with his. He has never been paid its money value. Has he?'

Albert shook his head.

'The rest of us are in debt to him—hopelessly in debt, I acknowledge. But there is no reason why a little salvage of it might not be paid off. When a glint of the truth shines through the shadows that I have been busy piling up about me always, why should you quench it? When I claim my right to a little share in your father's good work, who are you to balk me? You shall not.'

Still Albert was silent.

Mr. Van Doren leaned toward him. When he spoke there was a gentleness in his voice that Albert had never dreamed could be there.

'Boy, you are like your father. Your face is not, but his stuff is in you. I am a cranky old man who has usually managed to miss the best. But this good that has been sent to me I am going to have. I will have it!'

One day Fred Bonsall said to Tom Hoskins and some of the others:—

'It's easier to be an honored guest than to tutor those lively little Thatcher boys. Albert Kent is lucky.'

'It isn't luck, it is a special providence,' said Tom, 'for Mr. Van Doren. The old man has sense enough to know it, too. So far as Albert is concerned it is patrimony.'

Locking the Stable Door.

There lived a man, one time, who kept
A stable with fine horses stocked,
And carelessly one night he slept
And left the stable door unlocked—
In fact, no lock at all had he;
He was as careless as could be.

And thieves that night got in and took
The horses, and got clear away.
Though high and low that man did look,
He has not found them to this day.
His neighbors came and mocked his woe—
'Aha!' said they. 'We told you so.'

The man arose; to town he went,
And there a massive lock he bought;
For iron bars some cash he spent—
It was a happy afterthought.
With bolt and rivet, screw and nail,
He made that stable like a jail.

Then when the neighbors looked upon
His work, again they laughed and mocked.
They said—'Now that the horse is gone,
We see the stable door is locked.'
He answered—'Though I am bereft
Of horses, I've the harness left.'

Moral.

It never is too late to learn.
If all precautions we neglect
And some few hundred people burn,
It's doubtless what we might expect,
Our stable door, though, seems ajar.
Let's keep it shut with lock and bar.

—'League Journal.'

Why?

Why, it is asked, are there so many snares? That we may not fly low, but may seek the things which are above. For just as birds, so long as they cleave the upper air, are not easily caught, so thou also, as long as thou lookest at things above, will not easily be captured, whether by a snare or by any other device of evil.—Chrysostom.

Don't do it 'Just for Now.'

Many young people form habits which cripple and handicap them for life by doing things 'just for now.' They let things drop wherever they happen to be, 'just for now,' thinking they will put the book, the tool, the letter, or the article of clothing, later, where it belongs.

When these young people grow up to manhood and womanhood, they find that the habit of putting things down anywhere, 'just for now,' has become a tyrant that fills their lives with confusion and disorder.

It takes no more time or effort to put a thing where it belongs, in the first place, than it does later, perhaps less; and the chances are that, if you do not do so at the proper time, you never will.

Even if it costs you a little inconvenience, at the moment, to put everything in its proper place, to do everything at the proper time, the orderly and methodical habits which you cultivate in this way will increase your power and usefulness a hundred-fold, and may save you much trouble and mortification in the future.—'Success.'

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Mrs. Quail's Yard.

(Hilda Richmond, in 'Sunday School Times.')

One day Betty and Richard came flying in from the wheat field, all out of breath, to tell of a wonderful discovery they had made. Right out in the wheat was a lovely nest with twelve white eggs in it, and something had hurt the poor mother bird.

'She could hardly run through the wheat,' said Richard as soon as he could stop panting. 'I guess her wing was broken.'

'Yes, and she was making a pitiful little noise as if it hurt dreadful,' gasped Betty. 'Won't you come right out and help us find her, grandpa? Maybe we could bind up her poor wing.'

Then how grandpa had to laugh.

'Children, she was only joking you,' he said. 'You see, she did not want you to stay near her nest, so she played her wing was broken. When I was a little boy, I used to run after quails time and again, but I know better now. They lead you as far away as possible, and then dart back as swiftly as they can to look after their eggs.'

'Naughty bird!' said Betty; but Richard laughed and said, 'I think they are very smart birds.'

'When the men cut the wheat they will break her eggs, grandpa,' said Betty.

'Well,' said grandpa with a twinkle in his eye, 'if she is a naughty bird, you will not be sorry if the nest is broken up, will you?'

'Yes, indeed,' said Betty. 'May we take it up very carefully and put it in the fence-corner, grandpa?'

'No, you could not do that,' said Mr. Gray. 'I will tell the men to leave a little strip of wheat around Mrs. Quail's home for a front yard. She is a good little friend of mine, and I can afford to waste a little wheat to protect her.'

So when the big machine went click-clicking around the field and Mrs. Quail was badly frightened as it came near her home, the man on the seat saw the tall stick with the white rag Betty and Dick had put there to mark the place, and he left a nice little yard for the little family.

The wind and the rain beat down the ripe grain very soon, and one day the children sneaked down to the nest to see the eggs, but instead they saw Mrs. Quail picking up bugs and worms for a lot of hungry babies, instead of sitting on the white eggs. She picked up a lot of wheat for herself, but saved the tender bugs for the wide open mouths in the nest. Mr. Quail was working too, to save the grain in the yard, and none of the crop went to waste.

'I hope she will come back next year,' said Richard when at last the nest was empty. 'Grandpa said she could have the little home and yard always if she would only stay on the farm.'

Faith or Feeling—Which?

'If I could only feel it,' as a young officer said to me when I pressed on him that enough had been done on the cross to save his soul.

'But,' I said, 'you have not got to feel it but believe it. You may be saved without feeling. I believed in Christ for about a fortnight before I knew that I was saved. I might have known it at once only I was waiting to feel saved. At last I said, "Well, if I don't feel saved until I find myself in heaven, still I'll rest surely on the Word of God. God hath said in that Word, He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life. I know that now I do believe in Christ; I used to trust in my prayers, or something that I could do myself; but I don't trust in anything now except Christ, and His work on the cross, for my salvation; therefore, I have everlasting life. God says I have." Then Satan whispered, "Do you feel you have everlasting life?" I could not say I felt it. "Then you cannot have it," whispered the arch-liar! I remembered, it is written, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." I know that I really believed in Christ: therefore I had everlasting life, whether I felt it or not. God said I had, and I surely must be right in believing him, despite every feeling. I think then the devil left me (for a time), but I found I was safe, not because I felt it, but because of God's Word, which is unchangeable. I did not (as it so happened) feel joy or peace until long afterwards.'

'I declare, I believe you are right,' said the young man, who had been listening with the greatest attention; I have all along been thinking that I had to bring good feelings to God before I could be saved.'

The devil has been misleading souls for nearly six thousand years; so he is an experienced foe, and not to be overcome, except by the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God. Take care that he is not misleading you—tempting you to 'trust in feeling instead of Christ,' or 'wait to feel,' when you should 'believe and be saved.' Feelings are changeable things at the best—like the quicksilver in the barometer, sometimes up, sometimes down. Mark how that officer was kept from salvation by waiting for 'feelings;' Satan tempting him to bring them to God, instead of simply relying on the blood of Jesus, in the condition in which he then was. —W. P. Fife.

Free Will.

(By John Elliot Bowman, in the 'S. S. Times.')

No force divine compels. For him who shares
Christ's way, for him alone
The Christ of Calvary a place prepares.
Iscariot makes his own.

Wasting Will Power.

Many a man who prides himself on his will-power is failing to use it in the really critical issues of life. He will set a high standard for himself in some important detail of everyday living, such as rigid punctuality, or scrupulous care in his person or dress, or persistent physical exercise, and he will hold himself to that standard, no matter what it costs to do so, by an uncompromising effort of the will. This is good exercise; it takes character and it makes character. But when it comes to moral self-conquest, that same man is oftener the veriest weakling. He may know that a certain indulgence is wrong and harmful, yet the idea of summoning against it that iron will of his, on which he rightly prides himself in secular affairs, seems not to occur to him. Will power is one of God's richest gifts to man. What an awful waste of wealth when we do not use this power for spiritual victories!—'North-Western Christian Advocate.'

'What She Could.'

(Constance Coote.)

It needs not skill of brain or tongue
Thou grantest to a few,
Since simple words from loyal lips
May tell Thy grace is true.

And if I may not bind the sheaves
In whitening fields afar,
I yet can send the cup of cheer
Where Thy dear laborers are.

—Selected.

What to do With Your Wild Oats.

'A boy must sow his wild oats.' In all the wide range of English maxims there is perhaps not one, take it all in all, worse than this. Look at it on what side you will, it is a bad one. 'Whatsoever a man soweth,' be he young, old, or middle-aged, 'that shall he also reap.' So says the Word of God. The one only thing to do with wild oats is to put them carefully into the hottest part of the fire, and get them burned to ashes, every seed of them. If you sow them, no matter in what ground, up they will surely come, with long, tough roots like couch-grass, and luxuriant stalks and leaves—a crop which it turns one's heart cold to think of. The devil, too, whose special crop they are, will see that they thrive. And you will have to reap them. No common reaping will get them out of the soil; it will have to be dug down deep, again and again; and well for you if, with all your care, you can make the ground sweet again before your dying day.—'League Journal.'

LITTLE FOLKS

—'Eagle.'

Back Again.

Back again to school. Back to books and songs and work. What fun it is and what good times we have. At first though it is hard to keep from talking in school. There are so many things to tell all our friends. How we learned to swim and how we got those scars tumbling off the hay waggon, and what pretty things we learned to make with birchbark, and the new dollies grandma gave us, and the birthday parties, and the races we sailed with our boats, the boats we made ourselves, and the queer shells and fish we found in the rocky pools, and the berries we picked—Oh! far too much to ever tell, really tell. Enough to last through all the recesses the whole winter through.

A Gift and a Game.

(By Alice Turner Curtis, in the 'Youth's Companion.')

Lorraine and Doris Weston always thought it the best of good news when they heard that Aunt Laura was coming for a visit; and even David and Philip, the twins, who were nine years old, and small Mary, who was not quite four, knew that something pleasant was sure to happen when Aunt Laura arrived on her annual visit.

'What do you suppose it will be this time?' asked David, as they all gathered at the sitting-room windows to watch for father, who had driven down to the depot to meet Aunt Laura. 'Do you suppose it will be something lovely to do, or do you guess it will be presents?'

'Both!' declared Doris, hopefully.

'It's sure to be something we never thought of before,' said Lorraine, with a little skip which meant that she could hardly wait for the good time coming.

Mary skipped, too, and gurgled happily.

When Aunt Laura jumped from father's high cart and came running into the sitting-room, and hugged mamma and kissed all the children, she ran back to the porch and called to father, 'Be careful of that box; there is breakable stuff in it!'

'Presents!' whispered Doris; and a little fear that it might be dolls crept into Lorraine's heart, for she was sure that she had all the dolls she wanted. But none of the children asked a question. It was happiness enough for a while just to tell Aunt Laura all that had happened since her last visit, and listen to all the things she had to tell them. The winter was nearly over, and the days were growing longer, and at tea-time Aunt Laura said:

'I know of a lovely thing to do just before Mary goes to bed.'

Lorraine and Doris looked at each other joyfully. The good time was beginning so promptly. 'As soon as David finishes his supper,' continued Aunt Laura, with her pretty smile, 'I want him to go to the kitchen, and Maggie will give him something. He must wear his cap and coat. What Maggie gives him he must take very carefully and walk slowly to the front gate, and wait there until we all join him.'

'I've finished my supper!' declared David, leaving a round sponge-cake untasted and hurrying toward the kitchen.

Aunt Laura nodded, and in a minute or two said, 'Now, Lorraine, you go to the kitchen, take what Maggie gives you very carefully and stand beside David at the gate. Be sure and put on your hat and coat.'

One by one the children were sent to the kitchen, even little Mary trotting off quite by herself. Then Aunt Laura went down the path to the gate. And there twinkled five tiny lights from five tiny lanterns, and five eager faces turned toward her as if asking what joy would come next.

The shadows were not very deep now at six o'clock, but the tiny lights looked like dancing fireflies.

'Now,' said Aunt Laura, 'we will hunt for the daylight. Mary shall go ahead, then Doris and Lorraine next, and the boys can walk right behind me.' So the little procession filed down the shadowy country road. Little flickers of light could be seen here and there from the houses of neighbors, and at these Mary would wave her lantern and say, happily, 'Not daylight.'

Down by the meadow bars two pheasants rose noisily and fled across the road; and when they reached the deep shadow of the big oak, then, indeed, the hunt for daylight really began. It was quite dark close to the big tree, and Aunt Laura stood them all in line and told them to look toward the meadow fence, and walked off in that direction.

Lorraine could not keep from skipping, and Mary, who always wanted to do what Lorraine did, skipped, too, and the small lanterns twinkled brightly.

'Aunt Laura had a package,' said Philip in a whisper.

Then Doris called out, 'Look! Look!' And close to the meadow fence rose up a little cloud of tiny stars. Up, up they went and vanished in the clear air.

'Fireworks!' exclaimed Philip. And now all the little lanterns seemed to dance, for it was very hard to stand in line with all these lovely and brilliant stars rising so near them.

'It's better than daylight; it's better than anything!' declared David, as the third cloud of rose-colored tiny stars went toward the sky, followed by Roman candles and the red lights.

'We can have processions now!' said Philip, looking at his lantern proudly.

'Did we find the daylight, Aunt Laura?' asked little Mary, when Aunt Laura came up the field.

'I think we found starlight,' said Doris, contentedly, swinging her lantern proudly.

'Anyway, it was lovely,' said Lorraine, with a long breath of satisfaction. Then all the tiny lanterns were swung gaily, and all the children turned away happily toward home.

Wee Wee and Jim Key.

Wee Wee wasn't her name at all, but her little brother had such hard work managing his tongue that that was all he could make out of Lena Marie. You know very small boys are apt to stumble over hard words, and Freddy thought his sister's name was the longest he ever had heard.

I am sorry to tell you that Wee Wee was a lazy little girl, and did not like to work at all. She hated to do errands, cried over her lessons, and wanted to

play all the time. I am glad there are not many little girls in the world like Wee Wee.

'Hello, Wee Wee! How would you like to go to see Jim Key?' asked Uncle Ned.

'Who is Jim Key?' asked Wee Wee.

'That-s a little secret. If you want to go, get your hat and come on with Freddy and me.'

All the way to the big hall the children teased to know who Jim Key was, but Uncle Ned pinched his lips together very tightly for fear the secret would get out. The hall was darkened, and there were hundreds and hundreds of children there, with a few grown people to take care of them, when Uncle Ned led the children to their seats.

Suddenly the lights flashed up, the band played, and Jim Key pranced out on the stage. 'Why, he's a horse!' cried Freddy and Wee Wee together, and all the people looked their way.

From the time Jim Key politely bowed to the audience until he said good-by, all the children sat round-eyed in wonder. It would really take a long time to tell all his tricks, but the one the children liked best was spelling his name.

'Jim Key,' said his master, 'tell the children your name.'

And Jim Key went at once to the big blocks with letters on them and pushed the right ones into place. How the children clapped and cheered when J-I-M K-E-Y stood in a row across the front of the stage. When the children clapped and applauded, Jim Key bowed several times, and then they cheered louder than ever.

'Mamma, where is my book?' said Wee Wee as soon as she got home. 'I want it right away.'

'What is the matter, Wee Wee?' asked her mamma. 'You always cry when lesson time comes.'

'Yes; but, mamma, I can't let a horse get ahead of me,' said Wee Wee. 'Jim Key can spell his name and I can't. I must learn right away.'

Before papa came to supper that evening Wee Wee could put the blocks in place to make L-E-N-A M-A-R-I-E. And now when she doesn't like to give up playing for lessons all her mamma needs to do is to say, 'Wee Wee, do you remember Jim Key?' and Wee Wee hurries to recite her lesson, for she does not know how many new words Jim Key has learned since she saw him.—'Child's Hour.'

The Way to Do.

'I am afraid they'll laugh at me!' It was little Tot's first day at school. Phil was taking her on the way to his school.

'What if they do?' answered Phil. 'You must laugh back again. When you see them laughing, laugh as hard as you can, and they'll like you for it. People like people that laugh.'

Tot was very much afraid that she would cry instead of laugh; but everybody was very kind to her. When she thought of what Phil said she smiled a great deal, so they liked her very much. When she came home she said: 'Mamma, I should like to go to school again.' —'Our Little Dots.'

The Dearest Doll.

(By A. M. H. Hawes, in Zion's Herald.)

Dinah! I love her best of all my dolls.
What do I care if she is old and black?
You wish you hadn't laughed? You needn't try
To'scuse yourself. You needn't take it back.

Of course it wasn't quite polite, but p'raps
Your mother never said to you, 'My dear,
It isn't nice to laugh at folks, or what
They chance to say, or if their clothes look queer.'

I don't love Dinah 'cause she's black or white—
That's no because. I love her 'cause I do.
Why, we've grown up together, she and I
She's lived right here with me since I was two.

She's mine. That's a because. My other dolls
Had hair to comb, and one in silk was dressed,
Could go to sleep, and wake again, but still
I always have loved darling Dinah best.

Why, don't you love your oldest friends the most,
The old, old ones you've had since you were small,
And would you think it was polite to laugh
About their looks? You wouldn't, not at all.

Well, that's the way I feel about my doll,
Not how she looks, or how she happens to be dressed,
That's no because; but this is truly one,
I love her most because I know her best.

Why Susie Waited.

'Let's say our prayers out loud, Susie,' said Mabel, as the two little sisters were getting ready for bed one night.

'All right,' answered Susie. So the two said their 'Now I lay me' and their 'God bless papa and mamma' together. Then Mabel jumped right up on her bare feet, but Susie still knelt a quiet little while by the white bed.

'What are you waiting for, sister?' asked Mabel.

'Why, I was listening for God to answer,' said sister; 'don't you 'member Miss Josepha said we mustn't hurry over our prayers? She said that was like the little boy that knocked at her door once, and then ran away before she could open it. So now I always wait to see if God wants to say anything to me.'

'Did he say anything to you to-night, sister?' asked Mabel, looking startled.

Susie nodded.

'O sister! What?'

Susie didn't answer just at first because it is not easy to talk about what that little inside voice says. But in a few minutes, she said in a low tone, 'You know we said, "God bless all my friends," and right away I thought of Sadie Burwel, 'cause we had a fuss today; and while I waited, God said, "Tell her you are sorry."'

'Will you tell her, Susie?' persisted the eager little questioner.

'Yes, of course, I must tell her.'

Mabel crept into bed quietly, saying to herself that she would wait for God's answer, too, and wondering if he would tell her to confess about breaking mamma's cut-glass flower vase!—'Junior Herald.'

Under-the-table Manners.

It's very hard to be polite
If you're a cat.
When other folks are up at table
Eating all that they are able,
You are down upon the mat
If you're a cat.

You're expected just to sit
If you're a cat—
Not to let them know you're there
By scratching at the chair,
Or a light, respectful pat
If you're a cat.

You are not to make a fuss
If you're a cat.
Though there's fish upon the plate
You're expected just to wait,
Wait politely on the mat
If you're a cat.

—'Teachers' Magazine.'

What Temperance Brings.

More of good than we can tell;
More to buy with, more to sell;
More of comfort, less of care;
More to eat and more to wear;
Happier homes with faces brighter,
All our burdens rendered lighter.
Conscience clean and minds much stronger,
Debts much shorter, purses longer;
Hopes that drive away all sorrow,
And something laid up for to-morrow.
—'Irish Temperance League Journal.'

The Public-house Sign and the Water Fountain.

(By E. E. Hatchell.)

'Oh, dear! oh, dear!' dripped the Fountain.

'What's wrong?' inquired the Public-house Sign—'Bags of Mischief' by name—across the road.

'I'm feeling so depressed this evening,' splashed the Fountain. 'Didn't you hear those men who stood talking here in the road about an hour ago? But perhaps you are too high up——'

'Not a bit!' replied the Sign. 'I hear many conversations that take place outside this pub.—more than I like sometimes—although I am 10 feet high! My paint! I often think if we Public-house Signs could only go up and down the land telling what evils we have seen resulting from this liquor traffic, the whole country would be roused to such a pitch of righteous indignation that the trade would be swept out of the land within six months! Talk of Temperance speakers exaggerating the evils and using intemperate language—bah! The dictionary does not contain words strong enough to describe this abominable traffic, this mighty curse!'

'And yet your pub. is said to be such a respectable house?' trickled the Fountain.

'Respectable!' echoed the Sign indignantly. 'There is absolutely no respectability in a trade which is destructive of everything that is good and promotive of everything that is bad; which blots and blights, tears and rots, degrades and destroys everything it touches! I see it doing this every day of the week, so I know what I am talking about! But you haven't told me yet what's wrong with you to-day?'

'I said I was feeling depressed,' dripped the Fountain.

'You, of all things, shouldn't feel depressed,' replied the Sign. 'I have good cause to if you like—but you! No one ever visits you without going away the better for it. Alas! I dare not say that.'

'That's just it!' trickled the Fountain. 'I don't want to brag, but I can say I never do people anything but good. And yet, did you hear those men just now talking about a letter, signed by 16 doctors, recommending the use of alcoholic beverages? Not a word about my life-giving properties!'

The Sign fairly creaked with laughter. 'Oh!—that precious letter,' said the Sign; 'I should just think I have heard about it! Why, I see all our customers with it in their hands, and I hear say there's a box full of them, marked "Please take one," in every pub. in the town! Wonderful generous we become all of a sudden! Why, as you know, we don't give much "free, gratis, and for nothing" in our pubs! We make our customers pay highly even for water!'

'Really!' splattered the Fountain. 'And here I am and charge nothing——'

'I mean,' explained the Sign, 'that our drinks are more than half water, but that don't make them any cheaper! For instance, a barrel of ale sells for £3 and contains 144 quarts; now 130 quarts of this is water—so the water fetches £2 and more! I've heard say that licensed victuallers in various towns have opposed municipal temperance placards—objected to the expense. They don't seem to consider expense in this matter of printing and scattering broadcast this letter signed by 15 doctors!'

'Sixteen,' corrected the Fountain.

'Oh, 16 was it?' said the Sign. 'Well, considering there are some 40,000 medical practitioners in this land, 16 seems rather an inconsiderable number. Sixteen doctors! What about the 15,000 doctors who signed the petition to the Government, not long ago, urging the teaching of hygiene and temperance in the schools? Why didn't the liquor trade get that document printed and distributed among their customers—if it is really the health of the nation they desire? Everyone is laughing at this precious letter by the 16 doctors, and saying it is written in "loose, indefinite, unscientific language!" Rumor says it was drawn up by a brewer's barrister, but apparently he could get only 16 signatures to it! Of course, everyone knows that scientific facts and common experience are all against the statements made in this letter.'

'In what way?' inquired the Fountain. 'You are so well up in the subject, while I——'

'I've stood here, as you know, for 20 years,' said the Sign; 'so I think it's time I knew something about the drink question! I say that facts plainly contradict these 16 doctors' fancies. For instance, insurance societies prove plainly that total abstainers outlive moderate drinkers (a). There's no imagination or sentiment about insurance societies; it's a case of pounds, shillings, and pence with them! Again, doctors having discovered that alcohol is not so useful as a drug as it was formerly thought to be, use it comparatively little now in the large hospitals (b). As regards alcohol as a beverage, there are 150 million Mahommedans, and some 400 million Buddhists, who abstain on religious grounds. Then, think of the millions of abstainers in this and other lands. No, no!—the "belief" in alcoholic liquors is not so "universal" among "mankind" as these 16 doctors maintain! So cheer up, old chum; yours is the finest drink going, and if there were not such a number of fools in the world folks would have found it out long ago. But, if I'm not very much mistaken, total abstinence is gaining ground every day. Why, didn't I hear my landlord telling another licensed victualler lately that Salts, the great brewing firm, is bankrupt, and Allsopps had to write off another £5,000,000, and the population of Burton-on-Trent is going down, and a brewery there has been turned into a bakery!'

'Did you really?' trickled the Fountain. 'Well, I'm sure I'm glad to hear it! If people would only learn to drink water it would be better for their health and their pockets. My pure, sparkling water; there's nothing half so good! It never broke a mother's heart, nor ruined a reputation, or brought a man to the gallows and blighted the happiness of a home! Who dare say the same of your stuff.'

'Don't!' creaked the Sign. 'I declare I hate this job! If I weren't so firmly fixed in the ground by this long stake, I'd have cleared off long ago! I'd rather be chopped up into firewood any day than stand here as a Public-house Sign!'

'But, still, you do utter a word of warning to every customer by means of your title,' splashed the Fountain.

'Yes, you would think "Bags of Mischief" would be caution enough to anyone,' retorted the Sign. 'And, sure enough, it describes my pub. exactly! Oh, the mischief it has caused! There's Bob Walters doing 10 years' penal servitude—all through the drink! There's Mrs. Simonds in an asylum—drunk herself mad! There's Mrs. Thompson on trial now for roasting her baby alive when she was drunk and did not know what she was doing—ugh!'

'I must say,' dripped the Fountain, 'that besides having no such terrible tragedies connected with my name, I have a very superior class of visitors. Look at that young fellow who has just had a drink and gone on down the road.'

'You are right,' responded the Sign. 'Compare him with the chaps who come in my place! And even if they look respectable and well-dressed, when they commence coming to my pub. they soon get a "down in the heel" sort of appearance, and the more frequent their visits the quicker the descent. Fountain, old chum, I envy you! Oh, pity me, I say; I am the one to be depressed—not you!'—Selected.

The 'Model Liar's League.'

(By Dr. J. B. Cranfill, in the 'National Advocate.')

Recently the National Liquor Dealers met in convention in Louisville. The organization is technically known as the 'Model License League.' As is usual, the legs of the lame are not equal. These liquor propagandists adopted a number of whereases and resolutions. One of the whereases is as follows:

'The people of the various States are being urged by certain organizations to prohibit the manufacture and sale of all alcoholic beverages which would destroy millions of property and throw out of employment hundreds of thousands of men.'

Later on in the list of declarations these liquor men resolved as follows: 'That a law merely prohibiting the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages, while proving destructive of revenues, does and must inevitably fail to prohibit either the use or the abuse of alcoholic beverages. That prohibitory laws, under which our business is forbidden as a lawful pursuit, only show as a result an increase in the per capita consumption of wine, beer and whisky.'

Here we have it straight from liquor officialdom. In one breath these members of the 'Model License League,' which should be called the 'Model Liars' League,' state that the adoption of Prohibition destroys millions of property and throws out of employment hundreds of thousands of men. In the next breath these 'Model Liars' state that Prohibition does not prohibit, and the effect of the adoption of Prohibition is to increase the per capita consumption of wine, beer and whisky. If Prohibition increases the liquor business, how can it destroy the property of the liquor men or throw these men out of employment? If the statement that Prohibition increases the consumption of liquor were true, it would follow that the property of the liquor men would be more valuable, and that instead of throwing men out of employment, additional men would have to be employed in order to properly carry on the traffic. It will be strange if any man shall be misled by this last deliverance of the liquor men.

Commenting somewhat further on this deliverance, I state it as a fact that the patience of the people of the United States has become threadbare, not only with the liquor business, but with the liquor men themselves. All of these public utterances are misleading and deceptive. The thoughtful citizens of the United States are not ready to accept the dictum of these men whose business it is to corrupt the public conscience and outrage the sense of self-respect inherent in every freeman. These liquor gospelers have about run their course, and they will not be able longer to foist their misleading doctrines upon our people.

Alcohol and Mental Breakdown.

There is no single substance that is so widely used as alcohol, and no substance which in its use produces such widespread and manifold mental effects and leads to so much mental breakdown.—Smith Ely Jeliffe, M.D., Ph.D., Editor 'Journal Nervous and Mental Diseases,' New York City, in Jour. Amer. Med. Assn., November 19, 1907.

Be on Your Guard.

I knew a lad once, a pleasant open-hearted, merry boy as ever you saw. He was grown old enough to leave school and go to work. 'Come,' said a companion one day, 'come into the public-house and have a glass.' He held back for a moment—he had never done it before, and he felt that it was wrong. 'Oh, come on!' cried his friend, laughing, as he took his arm. 'It's only once, you know; don't be so particular.' And the boy thought, 'It shall be only once, and I'll only take just a little.' Thus he gave way to the temptation, and soon the 'once' grew to 'often,' and the 'little' to 'much,' and he became a poor, lost drunkard.—'League Journal.'

..HOUSEHOLD..

Economy in the Home.

A need for economy exists, alas! in nearly every home in the present day. Most people think that economy must, perforce, be written in the blackest of characters. This is not the case. True economy is incompatible with a grey household horizon. It in no sense turns the 'purest, sweetest, healthfulest, wholesomest air in the world' into a fog!

Real economy necessitates the employment of a liberal hand, a generous heart, and a practical use of common sense. It recognizes a need for sunshine all the year round in our mental, as well as in our physical, life. It provides things pleasant, therefore, and things recreative, as well as things plain and things useful.

In dealing with household economy it is well to remember that cheap things are not always the cheapest in the long run. For a good thing one has generally to pay a good price. Bargains are not to be met with every day, or we should cease to value them. Glitter always proclaims the purity of real gold. Yet all is not gold that glitters.

A serge dress, well fitted, is far more suitable to most occasions than a flimsy silk one. It costs about half, and is more durable. A watch is a necessity in a punctual home A gun-metal one keeps just as accurate time as a chronometer.

To do without necessities is the worst economy of all! We may save a few pence when we refuse to buy warm underclothing for our children. What a long doctor's bill is often run up in consequence! Colds are caught, influenza invited, illness of all sorts courted, when a shilling spent in coal would have discouraged such advances. Real economy will consist in washing the flannels scientifically, so that they will last long, and in so mending a fire that we shall get the maximum of heat out of a minimum of fuel.

In order to keep a home really 'sweet,' wall papers must occasionally be changed. Many women do not know that there is as much a fashion in wall papers as in dress. This year's designs are twice as expensive as those of last year. Hanging a wall-paper is by no means an impossible job for a woman. Take two lengths at once and cut from them. There will be no difficulty, then, in making the pattern fit. Use ordinary paste. laid on with a whitewash brush. Hang from the ceiling downwards.

One often finds. when a need for special economy arises, that a woman will commence the operation by stinting in food. How unwise and extravagant this really is, can only be realized by those who have seen the consequences. Good food, and a varied dietary. is of vastly more consequence than almost anything else, especially for working adults and growing children. Meat does not necessarily enter into a household menu; milk does. Never begrudge payment of a large milk bill every week. Let the children, the girls, the boys, the goodman, have as much pure, fresh milk as they can drink. Boil it, of course, in hot weather, or when any epidemic is abroad. If your milkman's account alarms you, look at the decrease in the one sent by the butcher; for, when a family has unlimited milk, meat may be somewhat conspicuous by its absence. Milk and meat should never be taken together, not even by children. Skim milk contains all necessary ingredients for growth and health; it is deficient in fat alone. Puddings may always be made with it. A tiny bit of shred suet, or a scrap of butter, laid on the top before baking, restores more than its right proportion of cream. Economize by not buying tea or coffee for the children. They will grow up far stronger and bigger if they never indulge in these.

Every would-be economist must make herself the master of ordinary details in economics. One who has to look well to the ways of a household must learn the relative value of foods, etc. When she goes to a grocer's, she must realize that rice is just as nutritious as tapioca. Tail end of cod fish is as appetizing as head of same; there is less waste in the tail, and it costs several pence a pound less. Peas, beans, and lentils give more flesh-forming ingredients than an equal quantity of meat.

We must remember that health cannot be obtained without a proper supply of food. Owing to greater exertion on the part of the workers in life's hive, they need more food than indolent folk. The man who labors with his hands all day must be properly fed at night. Get the goodman a good supper when he comes home tired. Give him a dish of well-made porridge for his first course at breakfast. Do not grudge a plate of fat bacon on the top of that. Serve him up home-made wheaten meal bread instead of trashy baker's stuff. Let the fat left in the fry-pan be used to provide a nourishing meal for others by frying stale slices of bread in it.—'Home Words.'

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WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE MENTION "NORTHERN MESSENGER."

Selected Recipes.

CAKES MADE OF CANNED CORN.—Drain and chop the corn fine. Beat three eggs very light; add a pint of milk, a little salt; a teaspoonful of melted butter a teaspoonful of sugar, and when all are thoroughly mixed, three tablespoonfuls of sifted flour, or just enough to hold the corn together. Bake on a griddle, as you would buckwheat cakes, and eat as a vegetable.—Selected.

ROLLED BEEF STEAK.—Take a large, tender steak, bone it, and scatter over it bits of butter, salt and pepper, a very little sage, a very small onion chopped fine. Over that spread a thick layer of mashed potato as left from dinner. Roll the steak tight, and cord it all round. Put it in a pan with a cup of nice stock or brown gravy, with a little sauce or catsup. Turn and baste till cooked and brown.

ORANGE FRITTERS.—Beat three eggs to a light froth. Add a saltspoonful of salt, and whip it through well; then add three-quarters of a pint of milk, and add gradually enough sifted flour to make rather a stiff batter, stirring the mixture briskly all the time, while adding the flour. Last of all, add a level teaspoonful of baking powder, which must be well stirred through the batter. Peel and slice three or four large seedless oranges; dip the slices in the batter, and fry them in smoking hot fat in which they will swim. Serve with powdered sugar.

Care of Household Silver.

To remove medicine stains from silver spoons rub the spoons with lemon juice and salt. A little salt rubbed wet on a spoon will remove egg stains. This should be done every time the spoons are used for this purpose, as the stains are much harder to remove if allowed to stand. Whiting mixed with ammonia and water makes a good cleaning preparation for silver. It can be applied in the wet method or the dry, the former being easier and cleaner. To clean silver in the wet method apply the whiting and let it dry. Then wash it off thoroughly in warm, soapy water and polish with chamois skin. Or, instead of washing off the paste, the latter may be wiped off with a dry, soft duster. A plate brush will be necessary to get the dried powder out of the crevices. This method makes a good deal of dust and there is danger of scratching the surface of the plate.—'Advocate.'

Let the Baby Rest.

It is strange but true that babies are frequently run down through overentertainment. But it is a well-known fact that babies of the very poor are less nervous than those of the wealthy, and this is largely due to the fact that their mothers are too busy to constantly entertain them. Their children are left more alone. They are not worried by over attention.—Selected.